Psychedlic

HOMOFASCISM

Weekly

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES

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SOCIETAS PLAGIARIORUM DACOROMANICA

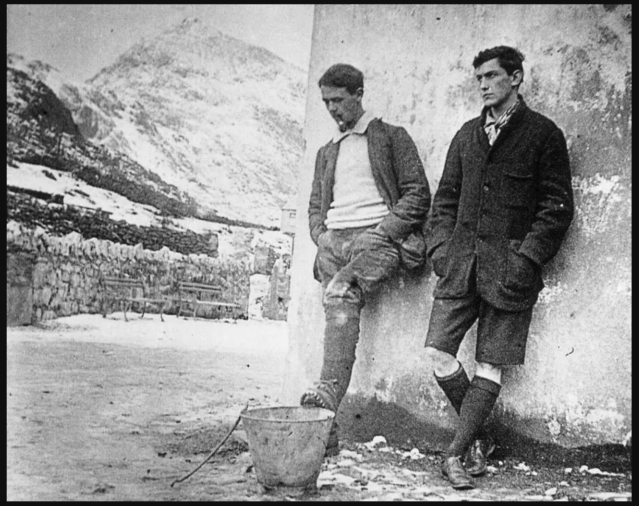
And then went down to the ship,
Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea, and
We set up mast and sail on that swart ship,
Bore sheep aboard her, and our bodies also
Heavy with weeping, and winds from sternward
Bore us onward with bellying canvas,
Circe's this craft, the trim-coifed goddess.
Then sat we amidships, wind jamming the tiller,
Thus with stretched sail, we went over sea till day's end.
Sun to his slumber, shadows o'er all the ocean,
Came we then to the bounds of deepest water,
To the Kimmerian lands, and peopled cities
Covered with close-webbed mist, unpierced ever
With glitter of sun-rays
Nor with stars stretched, nor looking back from heaven
Swartest night stretched over wretched men there.
The ocean flowing backward, came we then to the place
Aforesaid by Circe.

Here did they rites, Perimedes and Eurylochus,
And drawing sword from my hip
I dug the ell-square pitkin;
Poured we libations unto each the dead,
First mead and then sweet wine, water mixed with white flour
Then prayed I many a prayer to the sickly death's-heads;
As set in Ithaca, sterile bulls of the best
For sacrifice, heaping the pyre with goods,
A sheep to Tiresias only, black and a bell-sheep.
Dark blood flowed in the fosse,
Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead, of brides
Of youths and of the old who had borne much;
Souls stained with recent tears, girls tender,
Men many, mauled with bronze lance heads,
Battle spoil, bearing yet dreory arms,
These many crowded about me; with shouting,
Pallor upon me, cried to my men for more beasts;
Slaughtered the herds, sheep slain of bronze;
Poured ointment, cried to the gods,
To Pluto the strong, and praised Proserpine;
Unsheathed the narrow sword,
I sat to keep off the impetuous impotent dead,
Till I should hear Tiresias.
But first Elpenor came, our friend Elpenor,
Unburied, cast on the wide earth,
Limbs that we left in the house of Circe,
Unwept, unwrapped in the sepulchre, since toils urged other.
Pitiful spirit. And I cried in hurried speech:
"Elpenor, how art thou come to this dark coast?
"Cam'st thou afoot, outstripping seamen?"

II have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear ...
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.



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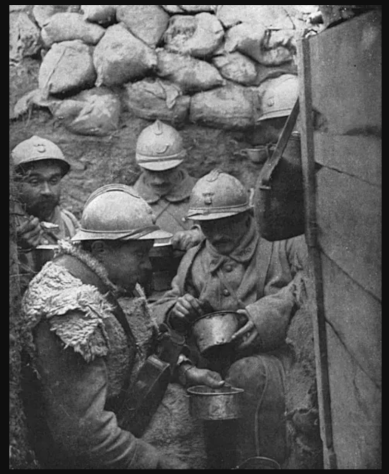


Trench Sloppa.
France
Rat

He drowsed and was aware of silence heaped
Round him, unshaken as the steadfast walls;
Aqueous like floating rays of amber light,
Soaring and quivering in the wings of sleep.
Silence and safety; and his mortal shore
Lipped by the inward, moonless waves of death.

Someone was holding water to his mouth.
He swallowed, unresisting; moaned and dropped
Through crimson gloom to darkness, and forgot
The opaite throb and ache that was his wound.
Water—calm, sliding green above the weir;
Water—a sky-lit alley for his boat,
Bird-voiced, and bordered with reflected flowers
And shaken hues of summer drifting down.
He dipped contented oars, and sighed, and slept.

Night, with a gust of wind, was in the ward,
Blowing the curtain to a glimmering curve.
Night. He was blind; he could not see the stars
Glinting among the wraiths of wandering cloud;
Queer blots of colour, purple, scarlet, green,
Flickered and faded in his drowning eyes.

Rain—he could hear it rustling through the dark;
Fragrance and passionless music woven as one;
Warm rain on drooping roses; pattering showers
That soak the woods, not the harsh rain that sweeps
Behind the thunder, but a tickling peace,
Gently and slowly washing life away.

He stirred, shifting his body; then the pain
Leaped like a prowling beast, and gripped and tore
His groping dreams with grinding claws and fangs.
But someone was beside him; soon he lay
Shuddering because that evil thing had passed.
And death, who'd stepped toward him, paused and stared.

Light many lamps and gather round his bed.
Lend him your eyes, warm blood, and will to live.
Speak to him; rouse him; you may save him yet.
He's young; he hated war; how should he die
When cruel old campaigners win safe through?

But death replied: "I choose him." So he went,
And there was silence in the summer night;
Silence and safety; and the veils of sleep.
Then, far away, the thudding of the guns.

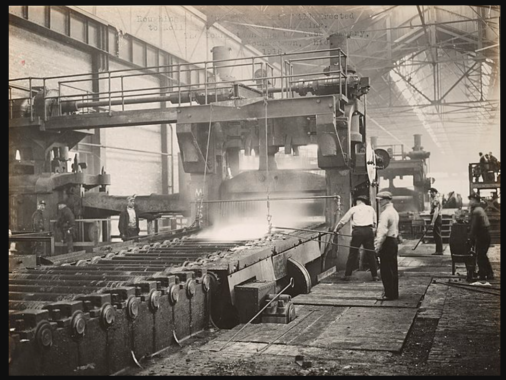
Ciggers 'N Cawfee
Nam

Silver Medal in Valor
Gold in Gay sex

Always on your damn phone. I am going to beat you /w/ a rock.

Always on your damn phone. I am going to beat you /w/ a rock.

This is not a factory nigga.
We do not double check.
We do not proof read.
Get a job.
Stop reading.



Die on Mount Everest like George Mallory.

This is a propaganda message.

It's cool I promise.

LA MACCHINA

I'm basically Ryan Gosling. Mathmatics or something you feel me.

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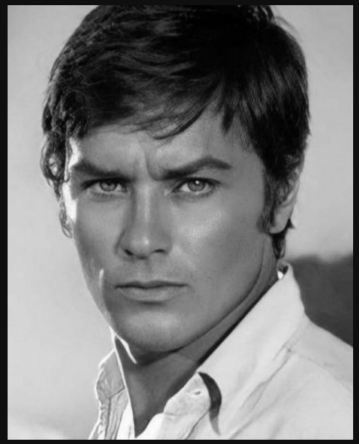
How to beat Twinks if they don't have dinner ready when you come home
D'Annunzio to Mussolini
1930s

Yukio Mishima

三島由紀夫

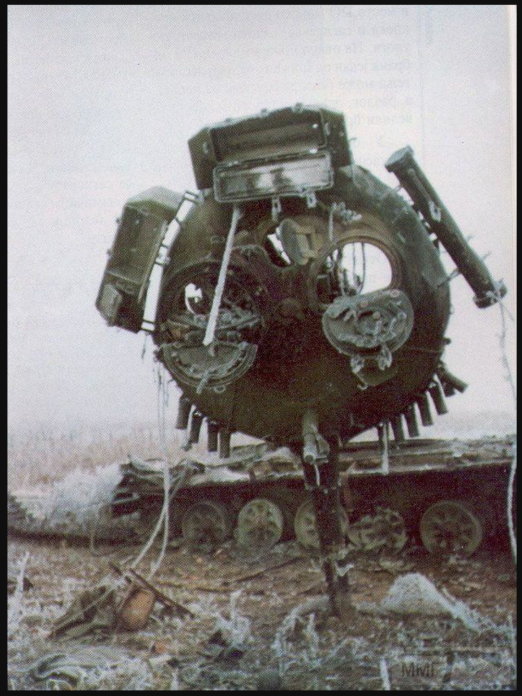


A spes una salutis
oscula pollutae fixisse trementia dextrae.
mille licet gladii mortis noua signa sequantur,
degener o populus, uix saecula longa decorum
sic meruisse uiris, nedum breue dedecus aeui
et uitam dum Sulla redit. cui funera uolgi
flere uacet?

Noch einmal ins Innere
Der Angriff geht weiter

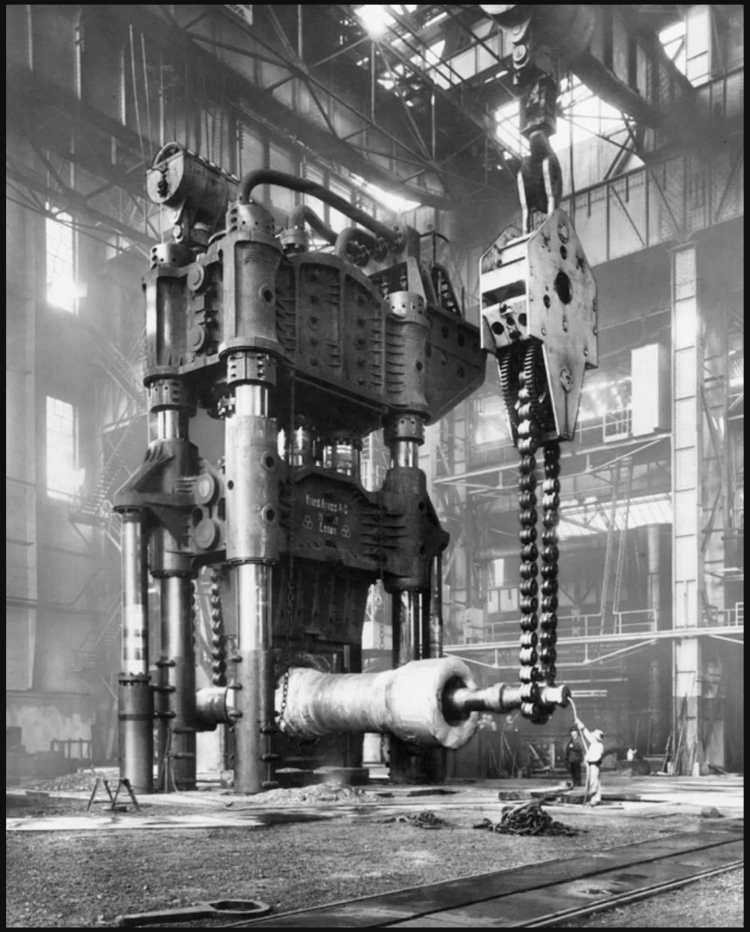
KRAFT MACHT KRAFT MACHT KRAFT MACHT

PICNIC IN THE ANOMALOUS ZONE



What a lovely locale.

Bro said he "might have" forgot the cigarettes in the car.
FOOLISH.



Another long day at the military industrial megaweapon vrillionaire killtastic megamurder factory.

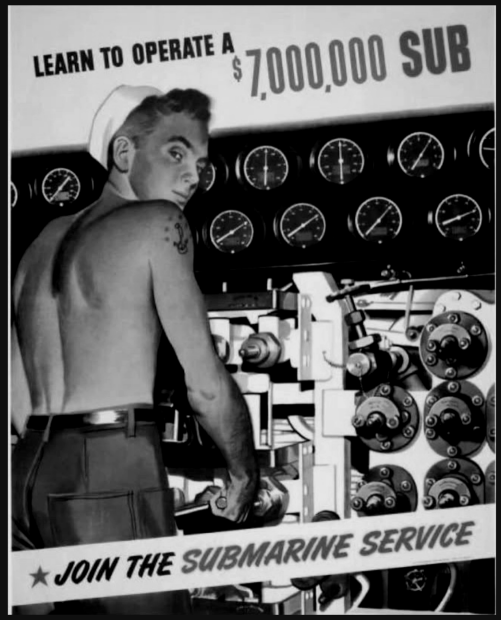
You have become eeepy, taker of naps.

It happens to the best of us.

This photo was taken shortly after Francis Bacon was told to get back in the kitchen and fry up some bacon.
Time enough to paint - time enought to cook.
1900-something

Francis Bacon

You just have to know.



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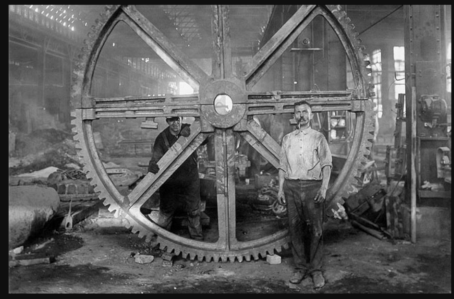

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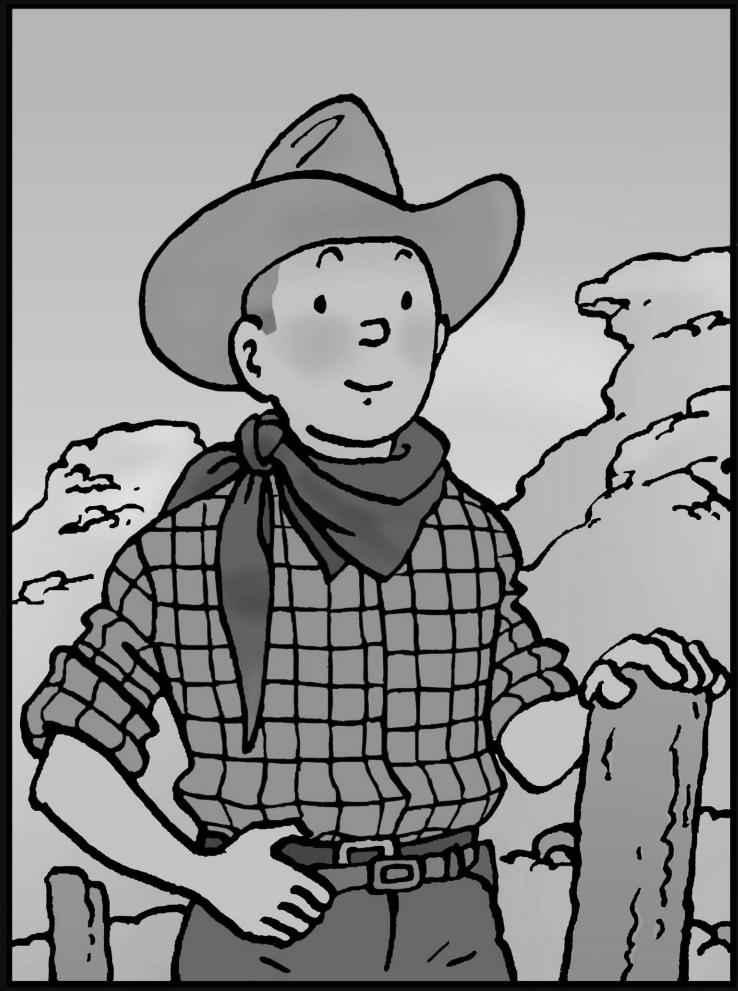
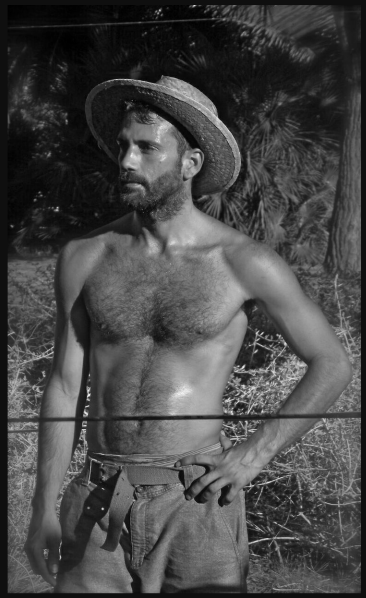
psychotic · homofascism · weekly

DEATH FROM ABOVE

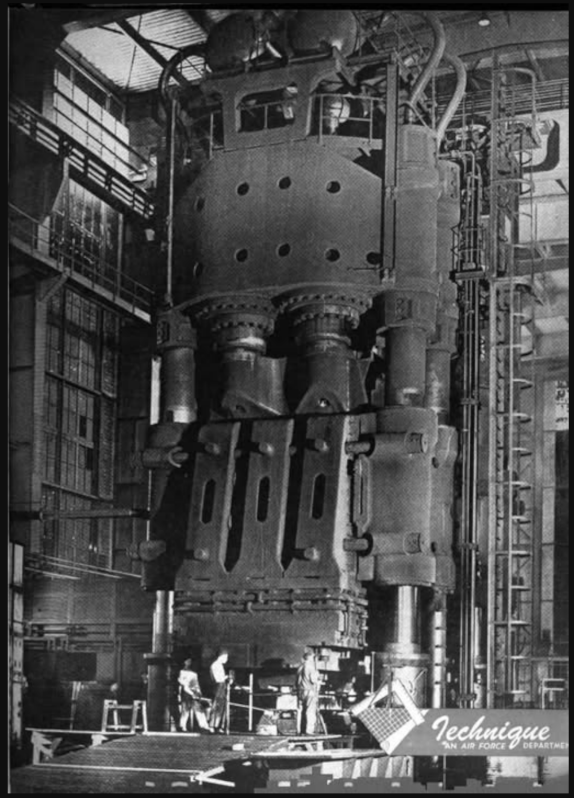
HEAD FROM BELOW

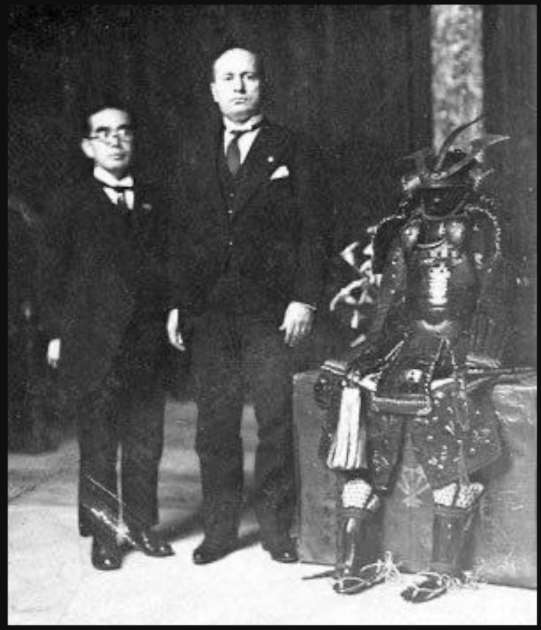




I have seen
On that far hill
Serpents locked
In war
Love is the law
Love under will

He Led America is what he did.
He was a brave Irish American!
And in this house,
JFK is a hero.
End of story!





I feel like Genji Monogatari Before c. 1021
but only in certain aspects
tbh

Smoking is always cool and acceptable behavior. Mad? How about you get your matches up and purchase some of your own broke boy. You could buy several hundred squares for a single match if you went to the right place. The correct galaxy. Then you could step out of the broke dick retard spaceship to catch a chemically induced break from slavic John Cleese telling you some dumbass shit you don't want to hear about a bell. Cope to perfection.

Winter has come, grey shrouds the sun and summer is gone.
Stalingrad
Cuddles